

Treaty's Ghost Rises Up Again; Administration Thawing, Report

WILL U. S. SIGN YET?

Bitterness of Bitter-Enders Sweetening, Is the Rumor

LODGE'S IRE IS QUIET

"Wilson-Phobia" of the Early Pact Rows Subsiding in Capital

BY A DIPLOMATIC WRITER
In the New York Times

Without official admission of the fact, the report nevertheless persists in Washington that out of the will of inquiry and the haze of reticence which shrouds our foreign policy the Versailles treaty will soon emerge on its way back to the senate.

Whether there will be a second battle of the reservations as there was a second Maine remains to be seen. It looks, however, as if the bitterness of the bitter-enders and the Wilson-phobia of Lodge had lost in intensity, and that the senate, while saying that it "will never consent" will nevertheless ratify.

To the thoughtful observer of the confusion of the administration in its effort to combine a policy of "isolation" with one of "helpful participation," it has long been manifest that the Versailles treaty offers the only escape from the insoluble difficulties and hopeless tangle, not to speak of the stultification and indignity, which the Knox Porter resolution carries in its wake.

The administration's trouble all proceed from the desire to get the treaty. It has been like the man in the story who came home very late and somewhat inebriated, with an explanation which was quickly punctured and disproved by a resentful wife. "Nevertheless," he declared, "that is my story and I am going to stick to it." The republican leaders are still under the spell of their campaign utterances and the hoary and ill-considered positions taken by various senators from which it is now too mortifying for them to recede.

Disregarding the Facts. The result is that the problems of reconstruction, from which the war are not approached with a realization of their complexity, dimensions or gravity, nor with the faintest conception of the vital bearing upon our own well-being of their unrelenting lack of scientific and objective temper in the administration approach to the problems, despite the fact that only in this spirit can good work be accomplished and genuine solutions be found. Every act in this "armistice" struggle to find alternatives for the right thing, is a halfhearted drag at his heels the ball and chain of the previous commitment of some unimpeachable president or some over-mighty prodigy.

The League of Nations say some, must be cut out of the treaty to make way for the indulgent and rickety, but as yet undefined, Association of Nations. The Versailles treaty must never come back to the senate, says Johnson, who counts on Borah to back him up. Senator Lodge's mind is immobilized by his convention speech at Chicago. He is helpless, having gone overboard with his declaration at Chicago that Wilson, his heirs and assigns and all his works (including the treaty) must go forever.

This clear concern which the United States has in the tranquillization of the world and the restoration of its buoyant power, involving so directly the survival of our own trade, must be ignored because President and others have declared for a policy of isolation that has no counterpart except in the circumvallated seclusion of ancient China. The hopes of the people in Hoover and Hughes, who with Root and Wilcox, and Taft and Lowell and Strauss, shared the appeal to the pro-league republicans to support their party as the surest way to bring about the ratification of the league covenant, are being sacrificed to the necessity of preserving unity in the cabinet and harmony in the party.

And so the problems of the hour, which are almost beyond human faculty, remain involved in fact untouched, while the responsible leaders of American action limp and stagger in their efforts to preserve the secondary and non-essential things, even though the vital things perish.

Hughes's Hard Problem. It has generally been understood in Washington for many weeks that Secretary Hughes has been combining out of the Versailles treaty with a view to the elimination of all reference to the League of Nations. It would be bitterly fought if Secretary Hughes should be disclosed as the instrument of isolation in view of his off-made declarations in favor of the league, and of the fact that his criticisms have been confined to proposed reservations. And yet the report gains in momentum and is not anywhere denied that the process is under way, and the more process already threatens to burst the republican party asunder and dispel forever the difficult and tenuous harmony which still prevails on its surface.

The report is easy to believe. The peace of the world today is the Versailles treaty. Nowhere else is it defined. There is no other machinery for its maintenance and enforcement. As against the central powers there is no other quarter to which this country can turn for the security of its rights or the definition of its duties. Indeed, we can no more make a practical and effective peace with the central powers in defiance or disregard of the treaty than we can arrange the world with some strange and ungodly combination of letters.

Separate Treaty Impracticable. If one but reads the economic and financial clauses of the Versailles treaty it is at once apparent that our former enemies, Germany and Austria-Hungary, have delivered over their industrial resources and

their very energies as nations to conquer and destruction to the signatories of this treaty. Neither can make any separate treaty, except subject to the provisions of the Versailles treaty. This situation is at once an affront with which which arises when a receiver is appointed to a position. It is impossible to make a receiver to proceed independently to enforce his duties against the common debtor. It is forbidden to interfere with the assets of the debtor, who in turn is forbidden to make any contract with regard to his property.

In it is with Germany. It is little to talk of an independent treaty with Germany that touches of any part the peace of the world or the extensive subject matter so particularly and exhaustively covered by the provisions of the Versailles treaty. The result, it is true, is to make a treaty of unity with Germany if its provisions were sufficiently general and amounted to no more than a renunciation of any right to make a separate treaty. It would be a treaty of unity with Germany, not a treaty of unity with the world.

When attention is turned to Austria-Hungary it is at once apparent that the Austria-Hungary which figures in the Knox Porter resolution no longer exists. The country has been superseded by a group of "succession" states, springing from the bones of the Austria-Hungary and having neither boundaries nor charters except as therein defined.

Yes, the treaty will go back to the senate. The fact is that it is the solitary avenue of approach to the solution of our international problems. Like a truth crushed to earth, this fact rises again and again. Conferences are discussed and discarded. It is with the president to Raritan. It does the fourteen of Knox to Valley Forge. It brings Lodge in a hurry to the white house. Sometimes it spoils the putting of the treaty in the hands of the senate. Hughes is instructed to make some escape, but he cannot. There stands the fact. Duty to the country, duty to our allies, national honor and consistency join in the invitation to return the treaty to the senate.

And the invitation will be accepted.

A BARBER THAT QUAKED

He Locked Customer in Cabin When Ship Encountered Earth Tremor.

FRANCISCO, July 16.—An earthquake is a mean proposition at best. But for one to occur while a ship is passing through the quake zone is still worse. And worst of all, according to collector of the port, John O. Davis, was back from a trip to the Orient, to be in a barber chair on board said ship, with a shaky barber wielding the razor.

The earthquake shook the Nanking from stem to stern, and the barber belted, locking Davis in the chair.

Davis said the earthquake occurred in the region of the Lomokos Islands, close to the point where the Chinese steamer, Kong Moh, was wrecked recently, with 1,200 Chinese passengers lost, and that the vibrations had given rise to the belief aboard that the Nanking was meeting a like fate.

The Nanking passed through the wreck zone three days after the vessel had gone down, and Davis said bodies were still to be seen floating around on the ocean's bottom.

Davis related a tale of heroism in connection with the rescue of 200 survivors by Captain Banks of the British ship Caradoc, which put out to the wreck scene from Hong Kong. Evans, Davis said, found the Chinese refusing to leave the fragments of their boat protesting above the water, and saying they would not leave until they were rescued by small boats, Evans swam

to the rescue, being compelled to throw the majority of the panicky passengers into the water. Evans was forced to jump in the ocean a second time, to disentangle a bawling, which had caught in the propeller of a launch.

His Medal. What do medals mean, dear? One's for his job in the post last year. One's for the office he holds this year. One of them means he was never late. One of them means he's a deflator. One, he belongs to the Fate of Vera. That's what the medals mean.

My dear, wasn't he in the war? Ain't there a badge for that? Yes, he earned it, but he's ditched them, for they don't cut any ice no more. And that my dear, is that. Stars and Stripes.

"Pretty Horse" Has Swift Kick. ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 16.—Never pour out effusive adulation to a horse that has a kick of vitality. That's the advice of Patrimoine James Asher, who was kicked into sweet oblivion by a miscreant's "beat." "Nice horse, pretty horse," wheeled the runner. An ambulance arrived shortly after "horse" had pivoted on his forefeet.

Three Who Should Be In. The omission of Lord Rosebery, Lord Haldane and Sir James Fraser from the 40 will not meet with the approval of the elite of the British world of letters. These three Scotsmen have enriched English letters to a greater extent than the votes, or lack of votes, exemplify. True, Rosebery's fame rests mainly on his genius as a political orator; but the same mastery of English which, in his political career, has been displayed on the public platform is displayed in his books. His works on Pitt, Napoleon and Chatham will endure. Literary admirers believe, when his orations have been forgotten.

Lord Haldane's fame is also based largely on his prominence as a statesman, but to the discerning his intellectual superiority has been fully manifested as a philosopher and metaphysician. His genius shone early.

Sir James Fraser is equally worthy. "The Golden Bough" alone entitles him to election. Yet the list is gratifying—gratifying because of the discernment shown in leaving to the younger generation of brilliant English writers who are arising, but these in whose time will supply their living quota to the 40 "immortals."

Champion Swimmer to Try 100 Miles



Henry Honsky, longer of the world's record for long distance swimming with a mark of 65 miles, has arrived in New York to start training for the test of his career, a 100-mile swim. The champion swimmer will start his "century" effort from the Brighton Beach bath, where he made his record swim of 65 miles.

from shore with a line and offered the rescue, being compelled to throw the majority of the panicky passengers into the water. Evans was forced to jump in the ocean a second time, to disentangle a bawling, which had caught in the propeller of a launch.

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'Stubby', Heroic Pup, Decorated by Pershing

By HARRY L. ROGERS
The Boston Herald

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 16.—A veteran of the world war came to the state, was and navy building today to pay a visit to his former comrades of Seichprey and Chateau Thierry. He wore the insignia of a private of the One Hundred and Second Infantry, but he was greeted enthusiastically by officers and enlisted men alike. From generals to field clerks, they affectionately called him "Stubby," the name by which he was known throughout the Twenty-sixth division.

Except for six weeks which he spent in the hospital as the result of a shrapnel wound in the breast and a foot and a half here and there when he was a W. O. L. "Stubby" with the famous New England Division during its entire sojourn in France.

He has three service stripes and a wound stripe, and one soldier has a more impressive set of decorations than his. Odd as it may seem, however, "Stubby" does not wear either his service stripes or his wound stripe, for despite his A. E. F. serial number, "Stubby" is not an ex-doughboy but a handsome Boston bull terrier.

While the One Hundred and Second Infantry was camped at Yale Field, New Haven, Conn., in 1917, a valuable looking Boston bull terrier wandered into camp and attached himself to the regiment. He was named "Stubby" by the regiment. The dog, upon whom the name of "Stubby" was promptly bestowed, probably because of his distinctive tail, proved himself an affectionate friend and a valiant enemy, and he soon became a warm favorite with the regiment.

Smuggled Overseas. When the Twenty-sixth division was ordered overseas a conspiracy was formed among the officers and men of the One Hundred and Second Infantry, and after apparently insurmountable obstacles had been removed, the mascot was smuggled on board the Minnesota. Arrived in France, the fame and popularity of "Stubby" grew, and when the division went to the front there was scarcely a man in it who did not know the little bundle mascot and love him.

"Stubby" didn't like the big guns.

CATTLE GOING CRAZY

Jefferson County, Colorado, Livestock Men Organize to Prevent Feeding on "Loco Weed"

DENVER, July 16.—"Keep the cattle from going crazy" will be the motto of the Jefferson county stock association, recently organized by stockmen in the South Park section of the Pike National Forest, 40 miles west of Denver.

The new organization was formed in an effort to put a stop to the wholesale eating of "loco weed" by the cattle in that section of the state.

J. H. Hutton, assistant district forester and livestock expert, connected with the United States Forest department, says that the loss of cattle and horses in the South Park section has become so heavy in recent years that stockmen declare they are threatened with bankruptcy.

The "loco weed" is one of the greatest menaces to the stockraising industry in the west, according to Hutton. The weed resembles alfalfa in the shape of the leaf and size of the plant, but usually is white or purple in color. Because it grows luxuriantly in the spring and fall, before and after the summer grass thrives, cattle on the open ranges eat it for lack of anything else. Although it has practically no nutritive value, the "loco weed" generates an appetite for it, after the cattle have browsed a few times on the weed, they eventually refuse to eat anything else. They become so "done" and so fat that they are valueless as beef, and hundreds die annually from malnutrition.

The new association will co-operate with the federal forestry department in keeping cattle off the "loco ranges" until summer grass is plentiful, in the hope that the menace can be removed.

Russian Circus Must Go. The Soviet newspaper, "Trud," which in English means "Labor," says that the Russian government, by the Russian government. It seems that the clowns of Russian circuses have become political satirists. One was seen to rub a lean stomach and dub it the "Soviet Commissariat for Food." Another splashing around, declared magnificently that he was "increasing production."

Our clowns are not such deep thinkers. They seek to make the proletariat laugh rather than to make the judicious think. But the clowns of the Russian circus are too light-hearted to be so serious. It is too light-hearted to be so serious. It is too light-hearted to be so serious.

What is the poor Russian to do for diversion? What is to relieve the monotony and pressure of the dull industrial life, however he is bored? They look for "clowns and ale" from him. And now they are about to take his peanuts and red lemons. All he will be able to do is to read Russian novels, those literary chambers of horrors—Cinnabar Times-Star.

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"Hat hat" says "Stubby" smiling as you plainly can see by the photograph. "Maybe there's something in this dog's life they talk about, after all! General Pershing just pinned a medal on me. Maybe you can't see it, because kings and others had stuck so many others on me. But it's there. Because I'm a wounded hero and everything. I'm a member of the Y. M. C. A. with three horses a day and a place to sleep guaranteed. Pretty soft, what? That's the way 'Stubby' feels about it all. 'Stubby's' latest medal came from the Humane Education society and was presented by General Pershing at Washington.

With ears more sensitive than those of men, he appeared to suffer actual physical pain during a bombardment. Nevertheless, he went along, sharing pot-luck with the boys and sleeping in a dug-out with his master, Corporal Conroy. At Seichprey he got a piece of shrapnel in the breast, and for days there was deep gloom in the outfit. "Stubby" should not get well.

The mascot was evacuated, like any human "dough," and was treated in a hospital by army surgeons. Fortunately, the wound proved less serious than had at first been supposed, and in six weeks "Stubby" was back with his "outfit."

When "Stubby" arrived in France he wore a simple leather strap about his neck and two aluminum discs bearing his name and serial number. Among soldiers, with whom the wearing of these identification discs was compulsory, they were known as "dog tags."

A handsome fellow, "Stubby" was extremely popular with the ladies, and one admiring French girl made him a blanket of chambray skin, in the center of which she worked a beautiful design of the flags of the allies, embroidered in colors. Other feminine admirers along the route added bits here and there in the way of decoration until "Stubby's" blanket became a gorgeous thing.

Is Legion Member. The blanket, which "Stubby" still wears, also provided a convenient place for hanging his medals, of which he has been awarded a great number. First, there is his Victory medal, with all the engagements in which "Stubby" participated—Aisne-Marne, Champagne-Marne, Meuse-Argonne, St. Mihiel and the defensive sector. Then there is his silver Victory button, to which his wound entitles him; his American Legion button, for he is a member of the legion and was an honored guest at their first convention in Minneapolis, as another medal testifies.

"Stubby" is a life member of the Y. M. C. A. and wears a badge of membership, which announces that he is entitled to "have hot a day and a place to sleep" for the rest of his life. He is a member of the Red Cross. Another medal, awarded him by the city of New Haven, was pinned on him by the mayor, who wished to keep him as a war trophy.

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To the Nightingale. Dear chorister, who from those shadows sends— Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light— Such sad lamenting strains, that night attend, Become all ears, stars stay to hear thy plight: If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends, Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight, May thee importune who like can pretend, And seems to joy in won, in won despite: Tell me (so may thou fortune kinder try, And long, long sing) for what thou thus complaine. Since winter's gone, and sunbeams dapple sky Enamored smiles on woods and flowers, The bird, as if my question did her more, With trembling wings, sing forth, "I love, I love!" —WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

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